

The initials of dialogue

Visualise a scene
out the corner of your eye,
just on the edge
of the field
of your vision.
Two or is it three?
people are standing in the room
not including yourself.

A form of an art installation
or the colour of the painting
occupies your brain, but
it occurs to you that something
...a thing...
a pre-rendered shape is forming,
filling the space
between the other people
like a fifth dimension.

Superimposing itself on top
of what is now becoming
an increasingly
blurred reality,
the wire-frame volume is kneaded
like meta-clay,
reflecting and refracting
according to rules of physics –
the last thing you expected in a gallery!

Doesn't it remind you of the time
you tried to model that squashed indescribable
double hemi-sphere that
you called a virtual brain?
Do you remember when you spoke
of the pulses
of thought travelling
on the neuro-superhighway?

And the time when we laughed
when both you and I could imagine
it exactly the same?

Think like you want to feel.
Think that you can live in the same conceptual space.
Think that we all live there, not just as key-holders and door-knockers,
but that we can all be partners in the world
of shared expression,
emotion and things
not bought.

Now this is the ripple effect.
Me writing or saying this to you.
These are the initials of
dialogue.

You giving space to the idea
and imagining it within your own space,
 either within a visible cartesian grid
 or on the corner of your eye...
 or maybe....

How much space you are willing to give
to my
and now, as you read this,
 our imagination
 is within your *own* control,
 but

the ripple effect of sharing this idea is wonderfully not.

Believe in art.
Believe in chaos.
Believe in thought.

Andrew Gryf Paterson, 2000.